NUMB. DXX.

The SPECTATOR.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus—— Hor.

Monday, October 27. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE just Value you have expres'd for 'the Matrimonial State, is the Reason 'that I now venture to write to you, 'without Fear of being ridiculous, 'and confess to you, that though it is three Months 'since I lost a very agreeable Woman, who was 'my Wife, my Sorrow is still fresh; and I am 'often, in the midst of Company, upon any Cir'cumstance that revives her Memory, with a Re'flection what she would say or do on such an 'Occasion; I say, upon any Occurence of that 'Nature, which I can give you a Sense of, though 'I cannot express it wholly, I am all over Softness, 'and am obliged to retire, and give Way to a few 'Sighs and Tears, before I can be easy. I cannot 'but recommend the Subject of Male Widowhood 'to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the 'first Opportunity. To those who have not liv'd 'like Husbands during the Lives of their Spouses, 'this would be a tasteless Jumble of Words; but 'to such (of whom there are not a few) who 'have enjoy'd that State with the Sentiments pro'per for it, you will have every Line, which hits 'the Sorrow, attended with a Tear of Pity and 'Consolation. For I know not by what Goodness 'of Providence it is, that every Gush of Passion is 'a Step towards the Relief of it; and there is a 'certain Comfort in the very Act of Sorrowing, 'which, I suppose, arises from a secret Conscious'ness in the Mind, that the Affliction it is under 'flows from a virtuous Cause. My Concern is 'not indeed so outragious as at the first Transport; 'for I think it has subsided rather into a soberer 'State of Mind, than any actual Perturbation of 'Spirit. There might be Rules formed for Men's 'Behaviour on this great Incident, to bring them 'from that Misfortune into the Condition I am 'at present, which is, I think, that my Sorrow 'has converted all Roughness of Temper into 'Meekness, Good-nature, and Complacency: But 'indeed, when in a serious and lonely Hour I pre'sent my departed Consort to my Imagination, 'with that Air of Persuasion in her Countenance 'when I have been in Passion, that sweet Affabili'ty when I have been in good Humour, that 'tender Compassion when I have had any thing 'which gave me Uneasiness; I confess to you I 'am inconsolable, and my Eyes gush with Grief 'as if I had seen her but just then expire. In 'this Condition I am broken in upon by a charm'ing young Woman, my Daughter, who is the 'Picture of what her Mother was on her Wedding-'Day. The good Girl strives to comfort me; but 'how shall I let you know that all the Comfort she 'gives me is to make my Tears flow more easi'ly? The Child knows she quickens my Sorrow, 'and rejoices my Heart at the same Time. Oh, ye 'Learned, tell me by what Word to speak a Motion 'of the Soul for which there is no Name. When 'she kneels and bids me be comforted, she is my 'Child; when I take her in my Arms, and bid 'her say no more, she is my very Wife, and is the 'very Comforter I lament the Loss of. I banish 'her the Room, and weep aloud, that I have lost 'her Mother, and that I have her.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I wish it were possible for 'you to have a Sense of these pleasing Perplexities; 'you might communicate to the guilty Part of 'Mankind, that they are incapable of the Happi'ness which is in the very Sorrows of the 'Vertuous.

'But pray spare me a little longer; give me 'Leave to tell you the Manner of her Death. 'She took Leave of all her Family, and bore the 'vain Application of Medicines with the greatest 'Patience imaginable. When the Physician told 'her she must certainly die, she desired, as well 'as she could, that all who were present, except my 'self, might depart the Room. She said she 'had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and 'I knew all she knew that concerned us in this 'World; but she desired to be alone, that in 'the Presence of God only she might, without 'Interruption, do her last Duty to me of thank'ing me for all my Kindness to her; adding, 'That she hoped in my last Moments I should 'feel the same Comfort for my Goodness to her, 'as she did in that she had acquitted herself with 'Honour, Truth and Virtue to me. 'I curb my self, and will not tell you, that this 'Kindness cut my Heart in twain, when I expect-

(Price Two-pence.)

ed an Accuſation for ſome paſſionate Starts of mine in ſome Parts of our Time together, to ſay nothing, but thank me for the Good, if there was any Good ſuitable to her own Excellence! All that I had ever ſaid to her, all the Circumſtances of Sorrow and Joy between us, crowded upon my Mind in the ſame Inſtant; and when immediately after I ſaw the Pangs of Death come upon that dear Body which I had often embraced with Tranſport; when I ſaw thoſe cheriſhing Eyes begin to be ghaſtly, and their laſt Struggle to be to fix themſelves on me, how did I loſe all Patience? She expired in my Arms, and in my Diſtraction I thought I ſaw her Boſom ſtill heave. There was certainly Life yet ſtill left; I cried ſhe juſt now ſpoke to me: But, alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the Diſtemper of my own Head; for the beſt of Women was breathleſs, and gone for ever.

'Now the Doctrine I would, methinks, have you raiſe from this Account I have given you, is, That there is a certain Equanimity in thoſe who are good and juſt, which runs into their very Sorrow, and diſappoints the Force of it. Tho' they muſt paſs through Afflictions in common with all who are in humane Nature, yet their conſcious Integrity ſhall undermine their Affliction; nay, that very Affliction ſhall add Force to their Integrity, from a Reflection of the uſe of Virtue in the Hour of Affliction. I ſate down with a Deſign to put you upon giving us Rules how to overcome ſuch Griefs as theſe; but I ſhould rather adviſe you to teach Men to be capable of them.

'You Men of Letters have what you call the fine Taſte in their Apprehenſions of what is properly done or ſaid: There is ſomething like this deeply grafted in the Soul of him who is honeſt and faithful in all his Thoughts and Actions. Every thing which is falſe, vitious, or unworthy is deſpicable to him, tho' all the World ſhould approve it. At the ſame Time he has the moſt lively Senſibility in all Enjoyments and Sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any Duty of Life is concerned. To want Sorrow when you in Decency and Truth ſhould be afflicted, is, I ſhould think, a greater Inſtance of a Man's being a Blockhead, than not to know the Beauty of any Paſſage in *Virgil*. You have not yet obſerved, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the fine Gentlemen of this Age ſet up for Hardneſs of Heart, and Humanity has very little Share in their Pretences. He is a brave Fellow who is always ready to kill a Man he hates, but he does not ſtand in the ſame Degree of Eſteem who laments for the Woman he loves. I ſhould fancy you might work up a thouſand pretty Thoughts, by reflecting upon the Perſons moſt ſuſceptible of the ſort of Sorrow I have ſpoken of; and I dare ſay you will find upon Examination, that they are the wiſeſt and the braveſt of Mankind who are moſt capable of it.

I am,

Norwich, 7°. Octobris, 1712.

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

F. J.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Monday, being the 27th of October, will be preſented a Play, call'd Amphitrion, or, The Two Socias. All the Parts perform'd to the beſt Advantage. By Her Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

At the Star and Two Rolls of Silk in St. Martins-le-Grand, the firſt Silk-Shop on the Right-Hand going down St. Martins from Newgate-ſtreet, is ſold all Sorts of the beſt Black Silks for Hoods and Scarves, rich black Paduſways for Gowns and Petticoats, and Mantuas, both black and coloured; likewiſe white Sarſenets and Perſions for Hoods, colour'd Perſions for Linings, black Velvets, Gauſes, Furbelow'd Scarves and Aprons ready made great Pennyworths. Note, The Shop is a new Shop juſt open'd.

For SALE by the CANDLE.

On Thurſday the 6th of November, at Garraway's Coffee-houſe in Exchange-Ally in Cornhill, at 4 in the Afternoon, about 90 Casks of fine Batavia Arrack, genuine, and of the true Flavour (only 1 Cask in a Lot, gages 40 Gallons and above) being the remaining Part of the Arrack imported by the Oley Frigate, Capt. Opie from the Eaſt India. Now in Warehouſes (where they have continued neat ever ſince landed) at Buttolph Wharf between London-bridge and Billingſgate. To be ſeen and taſted on Tueſday and Wedneſday, the 4th and 5th of November next, and all Thurſday (as above) till the Time of Sale. Catalogues ſhall be timely diſperſed, and to be had at the Place of Sale, and where the ſaid Arrack is. To be ſold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Scething-lane in Tower-ſtreet.

Balm of Gilead lately imported, Right and True, to be ſold at the Bell and Dragon, the Corner of Kingſtreet Cheapſide, for Half a Crown the Ounce, and cheaper in larger Quantities.

Lately Publiſh'd,

Repertorium Eccleſiaſticum Parochiale Londinenſe; or, An Eccleſiaſtical Parochial Hiſtory of the Dioceſe of London; containing whatever remarkable has been tranſmitted to Poſterity concerning each particular Benefice in the ſaid Dioceſe; With an Account of the ſeveral Patrons and Incumbents, with ſeveral Cuts, and a complete Index. By Mr. Richard Newcourt. Sold by the Author at his Houſe near the Church in Greenwich, Mr. Edward Alexander over-againſt Doctors-Commons, and Benj. Motte, Printer, in Alderſgate-ſtreet: At which laſt Place may be had, The new Edition, with ſeveral Additions and Amendments, of THE LORD'S PRAYER in above an Hundred Languages, Verſions and Characters.

Juſt Publiſhed,

Propoſals for Printing a very Curious Diſcourſe, in Two Volumes in Quarto, intitled, Ψευδολογία Πολιτική; or, A Treatiſe of the Art of Political Lying, with an Abſtract of the firſt Volume of the ſaid Treatiſe. Printed for John Morphew, near Stationer's-Hall. Price 3 d.

Juſt Publiſhed in Two Pocket-Volumes,

The Works of Mr. Thomas Otway, containing Alcibiades, Don Carlos Prince of Spain, Titus and Berenice, Friendſhip in Faſhion, The Soldier's Fortune, The Atheiſt, The Orphan, or, The Unhappy Marriage, Caius Marius, Venice preſerv'd, or, A Plot diſcover'd; with his Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, and ſome Love-Letters. To which is added, An Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. Printed for J. Tonſon in the Strand, and ſold by W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-noſter-Row; at which Places may had the Tatlers, in Four Volumes, 8vo. printed on Royal and Medium Paper.

The Incomparable Powder for cleaning the Teeth; which has given ſo great Satisfaction to moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in England. Sold only at Mr. Halſey's, Bookſeller, at the Plow and Harrow near the Royal Exchange Cornhill; and at Mr Markham's Toyſhop at the 7 Stars under St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleetſtreet. It at once uſing makes the Teeth as white as Ivory, tho never ſo Black or Yellow, and effectually preſerves them from Rotting or Decaying, continuing them Sound to exceeding Old Age. It wonderfully cures the Scurvy in the Gums, prevents Rheum or Defluxions kills Worms at the Roots of the Teeth, and thereby hinders the Tooth Ach. It admirably faſtens looſe Teeth, being a neat cleanly Medicine, of a pleaſant and grateful Scent. Price 1 s. the Box. At the ſame Place is ſold, the high y eſteem'd Lip-ſalve for Ladies, &c. of a charming and delightful Scent. Price 1 s. the Box.

The Chryſtal Coſmetick, approved of by the worthy Dr. Paul Chamberline; viz by waſhing Morning or Evening, cures all red Faces, proceeding from what Cauſe ſoever; it takes off all Morphews, Pimples, and Freckles; it's of a ſoft Nature, cleanſing and adorning the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very beautiful Manner, and may be uſed with as much Safety as Milk, having in it no Mercury (ſo frequently made uſe of) or any other thing that may be prejudicial to the Body, being the beſt of this Nature now extant. Price of the larger Bottle 6 s. the leſſer 3 s. Note, To prevent Counterfeits, each ſingle Bottle, with Directions, is tied and ſealed with this Coat of Arms prefix'd, being a Fret with a Lion Rampant on a Canton. Sold at the Blue-Coat Boy near the Royal Exchange, Cornhill; at Mr. John Jackſon's, the Corner of Wood-ſtreet, Cheap-ſide; at the 7 Stars under St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-ſtreet; at Mrs. Bracknock's, the upper End of St. James's-ſtreet, Pickadilly.

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